

CD 2000--72/73

THE

Aldburgh
CONNECTION

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Faculty of Music, University of Toronto



present

Maghan Stewart *soprano*

Colleen Skull *mezzo*

James Levesque *tenor*

Jesse Clark *baritone*

with

Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, October 17, 2000

8 p.m.

MAGHAN STEWART, soprano

COLLEEN SKULL, mezzo

JAMES LEVESQUE, tenor

JESSE CLARK, baritone

STEPHEN RALLS and BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

Madrigal (*Armand Silvestre*) Op. 35

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Fauré composed this setting in 1883 as a wedding present (not too appropriate, one hopes) for his friend, the composer and conductor André Messager. Pairs of characters, young men and maidens, engage in a poignant dialogue inspired by Verlaine's *Fêtes galantes* poems after Watteau's well-known paintings. They sing imitative phrases which echo the subject of Bach's Fugue in D sharp minor from the 48 (later used in Cantata 38, *Aus tiefer Not*). Fauré was presumably intending to evoke an antique flavour, or perhaps an allusion was intended to the words of the cantata: *In deepest need we cry to thee*.

Inhumaines qui, sans merci,
Vous raillez de notre souci,
Aimez! aimez quand on vous aime!

The young men: Fair cruel ones, who
without mercy laugh at our distress,
love when you are loved!

Ingrats qui ne vous doutez pas
Des rêves éclos sur vos pas,
Aimez! aimez quand on vous aime!

The maidens: Ungrateful ones who have no
inkling of the dreams blossoming around
your footsteps, love when you are loved!

Sachez, ô cruelles Beautés,
Que les jours d'aimer sont comptés.
Aimez! aimez quand on vous aime!

The young men: Beware, O cruel
Beauties, the days for loving are numbered.
Love when you are loved!

Sachez, amoureux inconstants,
Que le bien d'aimer n'a qu'un temps,
Aimez! aimez quand on vous aime!

The young maidens: Beware, fickle lovers.
The treasure of loving lasts only a moment.
Love when you are loved!

Le même destin nous poursuit
Et notre folie est la même:
C'est celle d'aimer qui nous fuit,
C'est celle de fuir qui nous aime!

Together: The same destiny pursues us,
and our folly is one and the same!
It is to love the one who flees from us —
it is to flee from the one who loves us.

Nine songs from *Italienisches Liederbuch* (Paul Heyse, after the Italian)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

The fourth and last of Wolf's great songbooks was completed in 1896. It is ironical that the composer who longed to write Wagnerian music-drama should achieve his greatest success with this collection of forty-six miniatures, few of which take longer than two minutes to perform. They are a succession of love- or hate-songs of all kinds, with the exception of the first song, a hymn in praise of the miniature.

Paul Heyse's poems are translations of Italian folk or popular poetry. Wolf himself said: "A warm heart, I can assure you, beats in the little bodies of my youngest children of the south, who, in spite of all, cannot deny their German origin. Yes, their hearts beat in German even if the sun shines in Italian."

I

Auch kleine Dinge können uns
entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können
teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit
Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und
sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die
Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch
gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie
klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich,
wie ihr wißt.

XXXIV

Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen
auf vom Bette,
Scheucht Ihr vom Himmel alle
Wolken fort,
Die Sonne lockt Ihr auf die Berge
dort,
Und Engelein erscheinen um die Wette
Und bringen Schuh und Kleider
Euch sofort.
Dann, wenn Ihr ausgeht in die
heil'ge Mette,
So zieht Ihr alle Menschen mit
Euch fort,
Und wenn Ihr naht der benedeiten Stätte,

I

Even small things can
delight us,
even small things can be
precious.
Consider how we love to adorn
ourselves with pearls;
they are costly, and are
only small.
Consider how small the
olive is,
and yet it is sought after for
its goodness.
Just think of the rose, how
small it is,
and yet smells so sweet,
as you know.

XXXIV

And when you rise from bed
in the early morning,
you chase all clouds from
the skies,
you charm the sun up over
the hills,
and cherubs vie to appear and
bring your shoes and clothes
straightaway.
Then, when you go out to
holy mass,
you draw everyone along
with you,
and when you near the sanctuary,

So zündet Euer Blick die Lampen an.
 Weihwasser nehmt Ihr, macht
 des Kreuzes Zeichen
 Und netzet Eure weiße Stirn sodann
 Und neiget Euch und beugt
 die Knie ingleichen -
 O wie holdselig steht Euch alles an!
 Wie hold und selig hat Euch
 Gott begabt,
 Die Ihr der Schönheit Kron
 empfangen habt!
 Wie hold und selig wandelt Ihr
 im Leben;
 Der Schönheit Palme ward an
 Euch gegeben.

XXXV

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter,
 Die so lieblich dich geboren,
 So an Schönheit auserkoren,
 Meine Sehnsucht fliegt dir zu!

Du so lieblich von Gebärden,
 Du die Holdeste der Erden,
 Du mein Kleinod, meine Wonne,
 Süße, benedeit bist du!

Wenn ich aus der Ferne schmachte
 Und betrachte deine Schöne,
 Siehe wie ich beb und stöhne,
 Daß ich kaum es bergen kann!

Und in meiner Brust gewaltsam
 Fühl ich Flammen sich empören,
 Die den Frieden mir zerstören,
 Ach, der Wahnsinn faßt mich an!

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter,
 Die so lieblich dich geboren,
 So an Schönheit auserkoren,
 Meine Sehnsucht fliegt dir zu!

Du so lieblich von Gebärden,
 Du die Holdeste der Erden,
 Du mein Kleinod, meine Wonne,
 Süße, benedeit bist du!

your glance lights up the lamps.
 You take holy water, make the
 sign of the cross,
 then moisten your white brow,
 bow down and bend
 the knee, oh with what grace and
 blessedness all this becomes you!
 With such grace and blessedness has
 God endowed you,
 who have received the crown
 of beauty!
 With such grace and blessedness
 you walk through life;
 the palm of beauty was bestowed
 upon you.

XXXV

A blessing on the happy mother
 who bore you so sweet,
 so elect in beauty;
 my yearning wings its way to you.

You so gracious of gesture,
 you the fairest on earth; you
 my jewel, my bliss; a blessing
 on you, my sweet.

When I yearn from afar and
 contemplate your beauty,
 how I tremble and groan
 past concealing!

In my heart I feel
 rebellious flames
 that destroy peace;
 oh, madness seizes me!

A blessing on the happy mother
 who bore you so sweet,
 so elect in beauty;
 my yearning wings its way to you.

You so gracious of gesture,
 you the fairest on earth; you
 my jewel, my bliss; a blessing
 on you, my sweet.

XX

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im
Mondenscheine,
Und ich muß lauschend hier im
Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend' ich
mich und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht
versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett hab ich
geweint,
Weiß nicht vor Tränen, ob der
Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett weint'
ich vor Sehnen;
Blind haben mich gemacht die
blut'gen Tränen.

XXIX

Wohl kenn' ich Euren Stand, der
nicht gering.
Ihr brauchtet nicht so tief herab
zusteigen,
Zu lieben solch ein arm und
niedrig Ding,
Da sich vor Euch die
Allerschönsten neigen.
Die schönsten Männer leicht
besiegtet Ihr,
Drum weiß ich wohl, Ihr treibt
nur Spiel mit mir.
Ihr spottet mein, man hat mich
warnen wollen,
Doch ach, Ihr seid so schön!
Wer kann Euch grollen?

XVIII

Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt und
schlafe nicht,
Und laß dich ja von Schlummer
nicht betören.
Ich sage dir vier Worte von
Gewicht,
Von denen darfst du keines
überhören.
Das erste: daß um dich mein
Herze bricht,
Das zweite: dir nur will ich
angehören,

XX

My lover is singing outside the house
in the moonlight,
and I must lie listening here
in bed.
I turn away from my mother
and weep
tears of blood that never
run dry.
A broad stream I have wept
by the bed,
I cannot tell for weeping whether day
has yet dawned.
A broad stream of tears I have wept
with longing;
the tears of blood have
blinded me.

XXIX

Well I know your station in life,
which is no mean one.
You had no need to descend
so low
as to love so poor and lowly
a creature,
when the handsomest of all must
bow before you.
You easily surpassed even the
handsomest men,
so I know all too well that you are
only trifling with me.
You are making game of me, as people
have tried to warn me;
but oh, you are so handsome
— who could be angry with you?

XVIII

Lift up your blond head and
do not sleep,
and do not be beguiled
by slumber.
I have four important things
to say to you;
you must not miss a single
one of them.
The first is that my heart is
breaking for you;
the second, my wish is to belong
to you alone;

Das dritte: daß ich dir mein
Heil befehle,
Das letzte: dich allein liebt
meine Seele.

XIV

Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten
hüllen,
Die Welt dem lassen, den sie mag
ergötzen?
Dann pochen wir an Tür um Tür
im Stillen:
"Gebt einem armen Mönch um
Jesu willen."
"O lieber Pater, du mußt später
kommen,
Wenn aus dem Ofen wir das
Brot genommen.
O lieber Pater, komm nur später
wieder,
Ein Töchterlein von mir liegt krank
danieder."
"Und ist sie krank, so laßt mich
zu ihr gehen,
Daß sie nicht etwa sterbe
unversehen.
Und ist sie krank, so laß mich nach
ihr schauen,
Daß sie mir ihre Beichte mag
vertrauen.
Schließt Tür und Fenster, daß uns
keiner störe,
Wenn ich des armen Kindes Beichte
höre!"

X

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich
zu fangen,
Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt
zu machen?
Ich fing schon andre, die sich höher
schwangen;
Du darfst mir ja nicht trau'n, siehst
du mich lachen.
Schon andre fing ich, glaub' es
sicherlich.
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht
in dich.

the third, that to you I commend
my salvation;
the last, my soul loves
you alone.

XIV

Friend, shall we disguise ourselves
in friar's cowls —
and leave the world to him
who delights in it?
Then we'll go knocking from door to
door on the quiet:
"Alms for a poor monk, for
Jesus' sake."
"O dear father, you must come
again later,
when we've taken the bread out of
the oven.
O dear father, just come again
later,
a young daughter of mine is lying
ill in bed."
"And if she is ill, then let me in to
see her,
lest she die without last
ministration.
And if she is, then let me tend
to her
so that she can make her
confession to me.
Close door and window,
that no one disturbs us,
while I'm hearing the poor child's
confession!"

X

You think to catch me with
a thread,
to enthrall me with
a glance.
But I've already caught others who flew
higher than you,
so don't trust me, when you see me
laughing.
I've caught others, never
doubt it.
And I am in love — but not
with you.

XLVI

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten
 wohnen,
 In der Maremmeneb'ne einen
 andern,
 Einen im schönen Hafen von
 Ancona,
 Zum vierten muß ich nach Viterbo
 wandern;
 Ein andrer wohnt in Casentino
 dort,
 Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben
 Ort,
 Und wieder einen hab ich in
 Magione,
 Vier in La Fratta, zehn in
 Castiglione.

XLVI

I have a lover who lives
 in Penna,
 another in the plain
 of Maremma,
 one in the beautiful port
 of Ancona,
 for the fourth I must travel to
 Viterbo;
 another lives yonder in
 Casentino,
 the next with me in my
 own town,
 and I have yet another
 in Maggione,
 and four in La Fratta, and ten in
 Castiglione!

Four songs

Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Reynaldo Hahn wrote: "In Chabrier, genius and great humility are merged." He was a rare example of a strong and vivid personality who seems to have made no enemies. Honoured and loved by all musicians, he also made friends in the world of painting and collected many works of Impressionist art. At the time of his death, he possessed fourteen canvases by Manet (including *The Bar at the Folies-Bergère*), eight by Monet, three by Renoir and others by Sisley and Cézanne. Imagine the value of such a collection at today's prices!

His operatic and, particularly, orchestral works are reasonably well-known and display crucial aspects of his genius: but the songs and piano-music appear rarely in recitals, although they are of such high quality and utter originality as to render the development of late nineteenth-century music quite inexplicable without them. To combine charm and originality

to this degree really demands Hahn's appellation of genius. *L'Île heureuse* and *Lied* are in the vein of the *fête galante*, the former, indeed, evoking an *embarquement pour Cythère*. The *Villanelle* is one of a group of animal songs which must have helped to inspire Ravel's *Histoire naturelle* — and *Chanson pour Jeanne* was one of that composer's favourite songs.

L'Île heureuse (Ephraïm Mikhaël)

Dans le golfe aux jardins ombreux,
Des couples blonds d'amants heureux
Ont fleuri les mâts langoureux

De ta galère,
Et, caressé de doux été,
Notre beau navire enchanté
Vers des pays de volupté
Fend l'onde claire!

Vois, nous sommes les souverains
Des lumineux déserts marins,
Sur les flots ravis et sereins

Berçons nos rêves!
Tes pâles mains ont le pouvoir
D'embaumer au loin l'air du soir,
Et, dans tes yeux je crois revoir
Le ciel des grèves!

Mais là-bas, là-bas, au soleil,
Surgit le cher pays vermeil
D'où s'élève un chant de réveil

Et d'allégresse;
C'est l'île heureuse aux cieux légers
Où, parmi les lys étrangers,
Je dormirai dans les vergers,
Sous ta caresse!

The happy isle

By the shady gardens of the gulf,
blond pairs of happy lovers
have garlanded the languorous masts
of your galley,
and, caressed by the gentle summer,
our beautiful enchanted ship,
bound for the land of delight,
cleaves the limpid waves!

Behold, we are the sovereigns
of the ocean's luminous wastes;
on waves, delightful and serene,
let us rock our dreams!
Your pale hands have the power
to scent from afar the evening air,
and in your eyes I seem to glimpse again
the skyline of the shore!

But there, over there in the sun,
looms the dear vermilion land,
where a song of wakening rises
and of joy;
it is the happy isle of gentle skies,
where among exotic lilies
I shall sleep in the orchards
and your embrace!

Villanelle des petits canards (*Rosemonde Gérard*)

Ils vont, les petits canards,
Tout au bord de la rivière,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Barboteurs et frétilleurs,
Heureux de troubler l'eau claire,
Ils vont, les petits canards.

Ils semblent un peu jobards,
Mais ils sont à leur affaire,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Dans l'eau pleine de têtards,
Où tremble une herbe légère,
Ils vont, les petits canards,

Marchant par groupes épars,
D'une allure régulière
Comme de bons campagnards;

Dans le beau vert d'épinards
De l'humide cressionnière
Ils vont, les petits canards,

Et quoiqu'un peu goguenards,
Ils sont d'humeur débonnaire
Comme de bons campagnards!

Faisant, en cercles bavards,
Un vrai bruit de pétaudière,
Ils vont, les petits canards,

Dodus, lustrés et gaillards,
Ils sont gais à leur manière,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Amoureux et nasillards,
Chacun avec sa commère,
Ils vont, les petits canards,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Villanelle of the little ducks

There they go, the little ducks,
all along the river bank,
like good country-folk!

Paddling and wagging,
happy to muddy the clear water,
they go on their way, the little ducks,

a little gullible, perhaps,
but they go about their business,
like good country-folk!

Into the tadpole-teeming water,
where a delicate weed is trembling,
they make their way, the little ducks,

walking in scattered groups
with a regular gait,
like good country-folk;

in the beautiful spinach green
of the moist watercress,
they make their way, the little ducks,

and though a little mocking,
they're by nature benevolent,
like good country-folk!

Chattering in circles,
making a terrible racket,
they go on their way, the little ducks,

plump and glossy and cheery,
with a gaiety all their own,
like good country-folk!

Amorous and snuffling,
each one with his lady,
they go on their way, the little ducks,
like good country-folk!

Chanson pour Jeanne (*Catulle Mendès*)

Puisque les roses sont jolies,
Et puisque Jeanne l'est aussi,
Tout fleurit dans ce monde-ci,
Et c'est la pire des folies
Que de mettre ailleurs son souci,
Puisque les roses sont jolies,
Et puisque Jeanne l'est aussi.

Puisque vous gazouillez, mésanges,
Et que Jeanne gazouille aussi,
Tout chante dans ce monde-ci
Et les harpes saintes des anges
Ne feront jamais mon souci
Puisque vous gazouillez, mésanges,
Et que Jeanne gazouille aussi.

Puisque la belle fleur est morte,
Morte l'oiselle et Jeanne aussi...
Rien ne vit dans ce monde-ci!
Et j'attends qu'un souffle m'emporte
Dans la tombe, mon seul souci...
Puisque la belle fleur est morte,
Morte l'oiselle et Jeanne aussi.

Song for Jeanne

Since roses are pretty,
and Jeanne is too,
all this world's in flower,
and it's the height of folly
to be concerned about other things,
since roses are pretty,
and Jeanne is too!

Since, blue-tits, you warble,
and since Jeanne warbles too,
all this world's a-singing,
and the angels' holy harps
will never be a concern of mine,
since blue-tits, you warble,
and Jeanne warbles too!

Since the lovely flower is dead,
dead the bird and Jeanne dead too ...
all this world's bereft of life!
And I wait for a breeze to bear me away
to the tomb, my only concern ...
since the lovely flower is dead,
dead the bird and Jeanne dead too.

Lied (*Catulle Mendès*)

I

Nez au vent, cœur plein d'aise,
Berthe emplit, fraise à fraise,
Dans le bois printanier
Son frais panier.

Les déesses de marbre
La regardent sous l'arbre
D'un air plein de douceur,
Comme une soeur,

Et dans de folles rixes
Passe l'essaim des Nixes
Et des Elfes badins
Et des Ondins.

II

Un Elfe dit à Berthe:
"Là-bas, sous l'ombre verte,
Il est dans les sentiers
De beaux fraisiers."

Un Elfe à la moustache
Très fine et l'air bravache
D'un reître ou d'un varlet
Quand il lui plaît...

"Conduisez-moi," dit Berthe,
"Là-bas... sous l'ombre verte,
Où sont dans les sentiers
Les beaux fraisiers!"

III

Leste comme une chèvre,
Berthe courait: "Ta lèvre
Est un fraisier charmant,"
Reprit l'amant.

"Le baiser, fraise rose,
Donne à la bouche éclore,
Qui le laisse saisir,
Un doux plaisir!"

"S'il est ainsi," dit Berthe,
"Laissons sous l'ombre verte
En paix, dans les sentiers,
Les beaux fraisiers!"

Song

I

Facing the wind and happy at heart
Berthe fills, strawberry by strawberry,
in the springtime wood,
her freshly prepared basket.

Marble goddesses
watch her beneath trees,
with a look full of sweetness,
like a sister's,

And amid mad skirmishing
the swarms of nixies,
of playful elves
and water sprites pass by.

II

An elf says to Berthe,
"Over there in the green shade
along the paths,
delicious strawberry bushes grow."

Elves have most natty
moustaches and the swaggering air
of a knight or page
when the mood so takes them...

"Escort me," says Berthe,
"Over there, in the green shade,
to where along the paths
delicious strawberry bushes grow!"

III

Sprightly as a goat,
Berthe ran: "Your lips
are a charming strawberry bush,"
replied the lover.

"A kiss is like a rosy strawberry,
which gives the open mouth
that is allowed to savour it
sweet pleasure!"

"If that is so," says Berthe,
"let us leave them in peace
in the green shade, along the paths,
the delicious strawberry bushes!"

Five songs

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Brahms's song *oeuvre* provides a splendid overview of his creative life, spanning as it does his entire career from the early 1850's to 1896. He has been criticised for his choice of poets and it does seem true that literary excellence was not a necessity for him. A poetic idea was more important than the language in which it was expressed: some of his finest songs set writers like Daumer who might be totally forgotten today, were it not for Brahms. But he did also set Goethe, Heine, Morike. Moreover, the words of Brahms songs are often, demonstrably, those of Brahms himself. Love's exuberance frequently passed him by; a longbreathed, inextinguishable regret (*Alte Liebe*) or a curiously distanced, idealised relationship (*Von ewiger Liebe*) produced some of his finest pages of music.

Meine Liebe ist grün (*Felix Schumann*) Op. 63/5

Meine Liebe ist grün wie
der Fliederbusch,
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie
die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den
Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit
Wonne.

Meine Liebe hat Schwingen der
Nachtigall.
Und wiegt sich in blühendem
Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom
Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunzene Lieder.

My love is green as
the lilac,
and my love is fair as
the sun;
the sun gleams down
on the lilac
and fills it with scent
and joy.

My love has nightingale's
wings
and sways in blossoming
lilac.
exults and, scent-enraptured,
sings
many a love-drunk song.

Alte Liebe (Karl August Candidus) Op. 72/1**Old love**

Es kehrt die dunkle Schwalbe
Aus fernem Land zurück,
Die frommen Störche kehren
Und bringen neues Glück.

The dark swallow is returning
from a distant land.
The pious storks return
and bring new happiness.

An diesem Frühlingsmorgen,
So trüb' verhängt und warm,
Ist mir, als fänd' ich wieder
Den alten Liebesharm.

On this spring morning
so sadly overcast and warm
I seem to discover
love's sorrow of old.

Es ist als ob mich leise
Wer auf die Schulter schlug,
Als ob ich säuseln hörte,
Wie einer Taube Flug.

It's as if someone gently
tapped me on the shoulder,
as if I heard a rustling
as of a dove in flight.

Es klopft an meine Türe,
Und ist doch niemand draus;
Ich atme Jasmindüfte,
Und habe keinen Strauß.

There's a knocking at my door,
and yet no one is outside;
I breathe the scent of jasmine,
yet I have no bouquet.

Es ruft mir aus der Ferne,
Ein Auge sieht mich an,
Ein alter Traum erfaßt mich
Und führt mich seine Bahn.

I am summoned from afar,
an eye is watching me,
I am seized by an old dream
and led along its way.

Dein blaues Auge (Klaus Groth) Op. 59/8

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Your eyes of blue remain so still,
into their depths I gaze.
You ask me what I wish to see?
I'm gazing to be healed.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.

I have been burnt by two ardent eyes,
the hurt of it pains still:
your eyes are limpid as a lake,
and as a lake as cool.

Salamander (*Karl von Lemcke*) Op. 107/2

Es saß ein Salamander
Auf einem kühlen Stein,
Da warf ein böses Mädchen
Ins Feuer ihn hinein.

Sie meint', er soll verbrennen,
Ihm ward erst wohl zu Mut,
Wohl wie mir kühlem Teufel
Die heiße Liebe tut.

There sat a salamander
upon a cool stone,
when a malicious girl
threw him into the fire.

She thought he should burn up,
but he began to be of good cheer,
just as on me, a cool devil,
hot love operates.

Von ewiger Liebe (*Hoffmann von Fallersleben*), Op. 43/1**Of eternal love**

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald
und in Feld!

Abend schon ist es, nun
schweiget die Welt.

Nirgend noch Liecht und
nirgend noch Rauch.

Ja, und die Lerche, sie schweiget
nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der
Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten
nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche
vorbei,
Redet so viel und so
mancherlei:

"Leidest du Schmach und
betrübtest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern
um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so
geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher
vereinigt sind,
Scheide mit Regen und
scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher
vereinigt sind."

Dark, how dark in wood and
field!

It is already evening, now the world
is silent.

Nowhere a light remains,
nowhere a puff of smoke,
yes, and the lark too is now
silent.

Out of the village comes
a boy,
walking his sweetheart
home,
he leads her past the willow
copse,
talking so much and of
many things:

"If you suffer insult and are
troubled
by others for my
sake,
then let our love be
sundered
as swiftly as once we
were plighted,
depart with rain and
wind,
depart as swiftly as once
we were plighted."

Spricht das Mägdelein,
 Mägdelein spricht:
 "Unsere Liebe, sie trennet
 sich nicht!
 Fest ist der Stahl und das
 Eisen gar sehr,
 Unsere Liebe ist fester
 noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man
 schmiedet sie um,
 Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt
 sie um?
 Eisen und Stahl, sie können
 zergehn,
 Unsere Liebe muß
 ewig bestehn!"

Says the maiden,
 the maiden says:
 "Our love cannot be
 sundered!
 Steel is strong and
 iron too;
 even stronger is
 our love.

Iron and steel may be
 forged anew —
 our love, who shall
 change it?
 Iron and steel, they
 may melt —
 our love must endure
 forever!"



Pavane (*Robert de Montesquiou*) Op. 50

Fauré

One of Fauré's most popular works was first composed in 1887, in a purely instrumental version, for a series of concerts run by Jules Daubé, conductor of the *Opéra-Comique*. The composer himself described it as 'elegant ... but not important'. Fauré's patroness, the Comtesse Elisabeth de Greffulhe, suggested the addition of vocal parts; her cousin, Robert de Montesquiou, provided some rather inconsequential verses in the style of Verlaine and a performance of the *Pavane*, including mime and dancing, was given at a nocturnal *fête champêtre* held by the Comtesse in the Bois de Boulogne in July 1891. Finally, both the *Pavane* and the *Madrigal* Op. 35 appeared as movements in *Masques et bergamasques*, a *divertissement* presented with great success in Monte Carlo in 1919 and containing both new and pre-existing music.

C'est Lindor! c'est Tircis! et c'est
tous nos vainqueurs!
C'est Myrtil! c'est Lydé! les reines
de nos coeurs!
Comme ils sont provoquants,
comme ils sont fiers toujours!
Comme on ose régner sur nos sorts
et nos jours!

Faites attention! observez la mesure!
O la mortelle injure!
La cadence est moins lente et la
chute plus sûre.
Nous rabattrons bien leurs caquets!
Nos serons bientôt leurs laquais!
Qu'ils sont laids! chers minois!
qu'ils sont fols! airs coquets!

Et c'est toujours de même et c'est
ainsi toujours!
On s'adore! on se hait! on maudit
ses amours!
Adieu Myrtil! Eglé! Chloé! démons
moqueurs!
Adieu donc et bons jours aux
tyrans de nos coeurs!

There is Lindor! There is Tircis! and
there are all our conquerors!
There is Myrtil! There is Lydé! the
queens of our hearts!
How provoking they are, how
haughty they always are!
Daring to reign over our fates and
our lives!

Be careful! keep time!
O fatal wound!
The rhythm is less slow and the fall
more certain.
We shall soon put them in their places!
We shall soon be their lackeys!
How ugly they are! What dear little
faces! How outlandish they are!
How prettily turned out!

It is the same every time, and it is
always like this!
We adore one another! We hate one
another! We curse our loves!
Adieu, Myrtil! Eglé! Chloé! Devils
who mock us!
Adieu then, and fare ye well, to the
masters of our hearts!



Intermission

Neue Liebeslieder Op. 65

Brahms

Brahms's *Liebeslieder-Walzer*, Op. 52, are well-known, at least in choral guise. The *Neue Liebeslieder*, on the other hand, are very rarely performed. They were composed in 1874 and published a year later (this time without the 'voices *ad libitum*' appended to the earlier set). In Op. 65, the compositional style is at once richer and more subtle, with more varied use of waltz rhythms and, perhaps, greater emotional depth. The texts, as in Op. 52, are taken from Georg Friedrich Daumer's translations of folk poems, published in his *Polydora*, with the exception of a poem by Goethe in the last song — and thereby hangs a tale.

At the time of the writing of the first set of *Liebeslieder*, in 1869, Brahms was secretly infatuated with Julie, daughter of Clara Schumann. When he was informed of the girl's engagement to an Italian count, the composer was devastated. As a 'bridal song' — so he called it — for Julie, he wrote the *Alto Rhapsody*, Op. 53, which sets lines by Goethe describing the wanderings of a lonely outcast: 'Once disdained, now a disdainer, selfishness consumes him.' A prayer of compassion for the solitary concludes the *Rhapsody*. The beautiful melody of that prayer Brahms now uses (in the last of the *Neue Liebeslieder*) as the ground bass of a *chaconne*, in which the voices ask for healing from the pains of love — a final exorcising of his hopeless passion.

New Love Songs

1. (Quartet)

Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung,
Dich wägend in der Liebe Meer!
Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen
Zertrümmert am Gestad umher!

(Turkish)

Renounce o heart, all hope of rescue
when you venture on the sea of love!
For a thousand barques drift
and founder on the shore around!

2. (Quartet)

Finstere Schatten der Nacht,
Wogen- und Wirbelgefahr!
Sind wohl, die da gelind
Rasten auf sicherem Lande,
Euch zu begreifen im Stande?
Das ist der nur allein,
Welcher auf wilder See
stürmischer Öde treibt,
Meilen entfernt vom Strande.

(Persian)

Dark, nocturnal shadows,
waves and whirlpool peril!
Can they who calmly linger
safely on the shore ever
understand you?
No: only he who
drifts in the high seas'
stormy desolation,
miles from the shore.

3. (Mezzo)

An jeder Hand die Finger
 Hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen,
 Die mir geschenkt mein Bruder
 In seinem Liebessinn.
 Und einen nach dem andern
 Gab ich dem schönen,
 Aber unwürdigen Jüngling hin.
 (*Latvian-Lithuanian*)

On the fingers of either hand
 I wore the rings
 that my brother had given me
 in affection.
 And one after another
 I gave them to that handsome
 but worthless young man.

4. (Baritone)

Ihr schwarzen Augen, ihr dürft
 nur winken;
 Paläste fallen und Städte sinken.
 Wie sollte steh'n in solchem Strauß
 Mein Herz, von Karten das
 schwache Haus?
 (*Sicilian*)

With your dark eyes, a mere glance
 is needed,
 palaces will fall and cities sink.
 How in such a skirmish should
 my heart, that frail house of cards,
 stay standing?

5. (Mezzo)

Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn,
 Nachbarin, vor Wehe,
 Weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug'
 Zu bezaubern gehe.
 O wie brennt das Auge mir,
 Das zu Zünden fordert!
 Flammet ihm die Seele nicht --
 Deine Hütte lodert.
 (*Russian*)

Protect, good neighbour, your son,
 from harm;
 for with my dark eyes
 I intend to bewitch him.
 Ah, how my eyes blaze
 to inflame him!
 If his soul is not kindled,
 your cottage will catch fire.

6. (Soprano)

Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter,
 Weil ich gar so trübe bin.
 Sie hat recht, die Rose sinket,
 So wie ich, entblättert hin.
 (*Spanish*)

Mother pins roses on me
 because I am so distressed.
 She is right: the rose withers
 when stripped of leaves, like me.

7. (Quartet)

Vom Gebirge, Well' auf Well',
 Kommen Regengüsse,
 Und ich gäbe dir so gern
 Hunderttausend Küsse.
 (*Russian-Polish dance song*)

From the mountains, wave on wave,
 the torrential rain teems down;
 and I would gladly give you
 one hundred thousand kisses.

8. (Quartet)

Weiche Gräser im Revier,
 Schöne, stille Plätzchen!
 O, wie linde ruht es hier
 Sich mit einem Schätzchen!
 (*Russian-Polish dance song*)

Soft grasses in the glade,
 a quiet and pretty spot!
 O how blissful it is to linger here
 with a lover!

9. (Soprano)

Nagen am Herzen fühl ich ein Gift mir.
 Kann sich ein Mädchen,
 Ohne zu fröhnen zärtlichem Hang,
 Fassen ein ganzes
 Wonneberaubtes Leben entlang ?

(Polish)

I feel a poison gnaw at my heart.
 Can a young girl
 without yielding to tender affection
 bear the thought of a
 whole lifetime devoid of bliss?

10. (Tenor)

Ich kose süß mit der und der
 Und werde still und kranke,
 Denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir,
 O Nonna, mein Gedanke!

(Malayan)

I sweetly caress this girl and that,
 and grow taciturn and ill,
 because always, always,
 my thoughts return, o Nonna, to you!

11. (Soprano)

Alles, alles in den Wind
 Sagst du mir, du Schmeichler!
 Alle samt verloren sind
 Deine Müh'n, du Heuchler!

Einem andern Fang' zu lieb
 Stelle deine Falle!
 Denn du bist ein loser Dieb,
 Denn du buhlst um alle!

(Polish)

Everything you tell me
 oh flatterer, is wasted breath!
 All your efforts
 are wasted, you hypocrite!

Set your snares
 for another victim!
 For you are a wanton thief,
 wooing all and sundry!

12. (Quartet)

Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist
 so düster!
 Armes Herz, dein Leiden ist
 so drückend!
 Was dir einzig wert, es steht
 vor Augen;
 Ewig untersagt ist Huldvereinung.

(Serbian)

Dark forest, your shadow is
 so gloomy!
 Poor heart, your suffering so
 oppressive,
 The one thing you value stands
 before you;
 but a happy union is forbidden forever.

13. (Soprano and mezzo)

Nein, Geliebter, setze dich
 Mir so nahe nicht!
 Starre nicht so brünstiglich
 Mir ins Angesicht!

No, my love, do not sit
 so close to me!
 Do not gaze so fervently
 into my eyes!

Wie es auch im Busen brennt,
 Dämpfe deinen Trieb,
 Daß es nicht die Welt erkennt,
 Wie wir uns so lieb.

(Russian)

However much your heart might burn,
 subdue your desire,
 that the world might not see
 how much we love each other.

14. (Quartet)

Flammenauge, dunkles Haar,
Knabe wonnig und verwogen,
Kummer ist durch dich hinein
in mein armes Herz gezogen!

Kann in Eis der Sonne Brand,
Sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren?
Kann die heisse Menschenbrust
Atmen ohne Glutbegehren?

Ist die Flur so voller Licht,
Daß die Blum' im Dunkel stehe?
Ist die Welt so voller Lust,
Daß das Herz in Qual vergehe?
(*Russian*)

15. (Quartet)

Zum Schluß

(*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*)

Nun, ihr Musen, genug!
Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,
Wie sich Jammer und Glück
Wechseln in liebender Brust.
Heilen könntet die Wunden
Ihr nicht, die Amor geschlagen,
Aber Linderung kommt einzig,
Ihr Guten, von euch.

Fiery eyes, dark hair,
bold, adorable young man,
you are the reason that
sorrow has entered my poor heart!

Can the burning sun turn to ice,
can day turn into night?
Can the ardent human heart
breathe without passion's glow?

Is the meadow drenched in light
for the flower to grow in the dark?
Is the world so full of pleasure
for the heart to perish in grief?

In conclusion

Enough, now, you Muses!
In vain you strive to show
how misery and joy
alternate in a loving heart.
You cannot heal the wounds
inflicted by Love,
but assuagement comes
from you alone.

THE ALDEBURGH CONNECTION CONCERT SOCIETY

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Please join us again on Wednesday, December 6 for the second of our Young Artists Recitals. This concert features soprano Mehgan Atchison and mezzo soprano Andrea Ludwig with Bruce Ubukata, piano. For tickets, call (416) 978-3744.

Our Recital Series at the Glenn Gould Studio begins on Friday, November 10. The highly acclaimed soprano Donna Brown, who has returned to Canada after a decade of concert and opera performances in Europe, and with two dozen CDs to her credit, will make her Toronto recital début with us. Her programme will include French songs by Debussy, Fauré, Britten, and Ravel's *Cinq mélodies populaires grècques*. The series continues on Wednesday, February 21 with a recital by another brilliant young Canadian soprano, Valdine Anderson, who has garnered raves in both North America and England for her thrilling performances, especially of contemporary opera and concert. We finish on Thursday, April 26 with one of Canada's favourite tenors, Michael Schade, singing Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*. All concerts are at 8 pm, and single tickets (\$25/\$20 students and seniors) may be purchased from the Glenn Gould Studio at (416) 205-5555.

Our Sunday Series begins on November 26, with *Auld Lang Syne* — a musical afternoon with Robert Burns. Joining us are singers Kathryn Domoney, Anita Krause, Nils Brown and Andrew Tees, and Andrew Gillies, reader. Other concerts in this series are our annual *Greta Kraus Schubertiad* on January 28, with Monica Whicher, Susan Platts and John Tessier, a Ravel programme, *The Enchanted Garden*, on March 4, with Nathalie Paulin, Catherine Robbin and Brett Polegato and *Proud Songster* — a look at the life and music of Gerald Finzi — on April 29, with Colin Ainsworth, Mark Pedrotti and The Elora Festival Singers. All concerts are at 2:30 pm. Single tickets are \$25/\$20 and because of the large subscription audience for this Series, it is advisable to reserve in advance by calling (416) 444-3976.



We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of
 The Ontario Arts Council and The City of Toronto
 through the Toronto Arts Council,
 The Julie-Jiggs Foundation, The Charles H. Ivey Foundation
 and many individual donors

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Maghan Stewart is a fourth year Voice Performance major, studying under Lynn Blaser and Brahm Goldhamer. Maghan was featured at the Faculty of Music "Vocal Showcase" concert each year after receiving the highest mark on her first and second year juries and third year recital, and is the winner of this year's Greta Kraus scholarship. She has sung with the Timmins Youth Singers, the Ontario Youth Choir, the National Youth Choir and the University of Toronto's Macmillan Singers, and is now a professional soloist at Kingsway Lambton United Church. For the past three summers she has taken part in the prestigious Oberlin at Casalmaggiore program in Italy, singing Cherubino, Susanna in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Nanetta in Verdi's *Falstaff*. Her opera debut was as Pamina with the Timmins Symphony Orchestra in 1997 under Geoff Lee's direction. Lee also composed two pieces which she premièred in her solo recital last May. Upcoming performances include Handel's *Messiah* with the Timmins Symphony Orchestra.

Colleen Skull is in her first year of the Masters programme in Vocal Performance, studying with Mary Morrison. This summer she performed the title role in Menotti's *The Medium* at Centre d'Arts Orford, and she was a featured soloist at the Wagner Symposium held at the University of Toronto in September. She has attended song courses at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. A graduate of the Opera Division, her roles included Baba in *The Medium*, Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*, Bianca in *La rondine*, Hippolyta in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mère Marie in *Dialogues des Carmélites*, and Flora in *La traviata*, and she sang Dorabella in *Così fan tutte* in Winnipeg, conducted by Howard Dyck. This past year, Colleen was the alto soloist in Mahler's *Third Symphony*, conducted by Raffi Armenian, with the University of Toronto Orchestra and a finalist in the Young Artists' Mozart Competition. Upcoming performances include *The Songs of Abelard* by Norman Dello Joio with the University of Toronto Wind Symphony, and a recital for the Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg.

James Levesque is in his fourth year as a Vocal Performance major at the University of Toronto, where he studies with Mary Morrison. He appeared last year in the Opera Division's productions of *La rondine*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, Menotti's *The Medium* and Sullivan & Sondheim, and sang the role of Bastien in Mozart's *Bastien et Bastienne* earlier this month. In November he will take part in the world première of *The Last Duel*, by Gary Kulesha. This past summer he appeared in Port Colborne's *Showboat Festival* in *Blue Skies*, an Irving Berlin musical review. Next April he will sing with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, Haydn's *Seven Last Words of Christ on the Cross*, and the Mozart *Requiem*.

Jesse Clark is a graduate of Queen's University where he studied English and Politics. After singing in and around Kingston, Jesse moved back home to study with Patricia Kern at the University of Toronto, where he is a member of the Opera Division, and where he appeared in last year's productions of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Puccini's *La rondine*. Jesse has sung for The Aldeburgh Connection previously; in 1988, as a treble, he sang at both *Music at Sharon* and in the Walter Hall Sunday Series, in a programme *Scenes from Childhood*, where he premièred a major new commission, *Nicholas Knock*, by composer Derek Holman, a setting of Dennis Lee's poem. Jesse is thrilled to be performing again with The Aldeburgh Connection in this recital.